AN ORIGINAL TALE.

MARVIN HAYLE. By FRANK J. WEBB, Author of "The Garries," "Two Wolves and a Lamb," and other tales.

CONTINUED. "Oh, he was simply relating something concerning the author. Indeed he was. Pray, Lucy, don't permit your imagination to run riot as usual, nor let it lead you to jump in your rash way to the conclusion that there is something beyond. You are a famous hand for shadow of a doorway. That night I left the placing impossible construction on people's house. I thought they were there en passant.

"No," said Lucy Grant, with an air of mock gravity, "of course not-I would not insinuate such a thing. It is nothing more than a game of battledore and shuttlecock, with hearts for corks. I do not think either of you are experienced players, and the hearts may be lost in the game. You had better both take care. But there is the music again. Lucky me, I have such a charming partner."

As she concluded, she hastened away to

meet Lord G., who was advancing toward her from the opposite end of the room. He placed his arm about her waist, and whirled her away

amidst the throng of dancers. What a wonder! Mr. Hayle danced with me three times that night. The air of selfrestraint that he so generally exhibited in his manners towards me seemed to have abandoned him entirely. To me he was never more winning, never more gentle. Sometimes in his looks and tones I thought him even tender. I had partly resolved, after my conversation with Lucy Grant, that I would be guarded in my manner toward him; that I would try to suppress any manifestation of the partiality (so evident to myself) that I felt toward him.

Never had the claims of social life hung more irksomely upon me. I could not always dance or talk with Mr. Hayle; yet I desired to do so with none else. Was it chance or was it some undefinable mutual attraction that made us vis-a-vis when we could not be partners? Why did my hand tremble when it touched his in the dance, and fall so coldly and quickly from the hand of others? I could not account for my bouyant happiness; yet Marvin Hayle had not spoken one word of love.

As my partner handed me to seat, I was again asked to dance by Mr. Hayle. How delighted I was! How readily I consented. It was the last dance before supper, and he con-sequently would hand me to the table.

He talked but little as he sat by my side, but showed me all those quiet, little attentions always so acceptable to my sex. Lord G. sat opposite. During one of those

lulls of conversation he remarked : "Allow me, Hayle, to remind you to comply with the request I made you this evening. You know, my dear old boy, how felicitously you can do these things."

"No, no; not to night," rejoined Mr. Hayle.
"I should make a signal failure, I should neither do justice to myself or my theme. I am not eloquent enough to say all I feel; and, if I could succeed in so doing, I should only show I feel too much.

Then I did not know to what they alluded, but I was struck with the significance of Mr. Hayle's reply. I subsequently learned he had been requested to propose my health.

Lord G. opened his eyes with an appearance

of astonishment at Mr. Hayle's words, and the warmth with which they were spoken. Turning toward Lucy Grant, he said something in a quiet tone, that caused her-to break into a merry laugh and give me one of her naughtiest remained unbroken until we left the table. Despite my efforts to be self-possessed, I felt my hand tremble as I placed my arm in his to

return to the drawing-room, where be left me, after seeing me seated. Lucy Grant came in soon after. I whispered: "I know it is somewhat rude to leave my guest: but do let us go out on the terrace for a few moments." We glided through the window, (which opened to the floor,) descended the steps to the

terrace beneath, where seating ourselves on the rustic bench, we looked down on the silvery face of the Mediterranean, which lay, seemingly, almost at our feet. "What a lovely night!" said Lucy Grant.

They call Alexander Smith extravagant, yet are not those lines of his-

"The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea, The eager waves lift up their heads, Each shouldering for her smile "-

most appropriate to a sceae like this. Scarcely had we ceased to speak when we heard footsteps above us. We had descended to the second terrace, and were consequently entirely hid by the overhanging shrubbery. We expected to be joined by whoever it was approaching; but they halted at the terrace above. Presently we heard Mr. Hayle's voice, he was in earnest conversation with Lord G. "G.," he exclaimed, "I am a fool-a.mad-

man! I am daily adding to my store of misery. me to think of loving Ella C.?"

Is it not an act of most consummate folly in Lord G. made no reply. Mr. Hayle continged, after a moment's pause: "I will tell you now what I never dared to

confide to anyone. I have been a mad wor-

shipper of that woman for nearly four years. r shoost three of them I followed her from place to place, and was near her whenever I could be without attracting her notice. The first time I saw her was at the opera. It was a 'Queen's night.' All that was bright and beautiful of the highest society of London seemed to have been gathered within the walls of the theatre. Even in that dazzling assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion she shone purest, brightest of them all. I heard several ask, 'Who is she?' None could tell—she seemed a stranger to all near me. She at once rivetted my attention, approaching, as she did, nearer my ideal conception of female beauty than any woman I had ever seen. The opera

over, I hastened to the crush-room, where I

stood watching the corridor from whence she

would emerge. I soon had the satisfaction of

seeing her approach, leaning on the arm of an derly gentleman, who proved to be her father. her. I heard the gentleman say, 'To Sir George Jasper's,' to the footman, as the carriage whirled away. I walked up to a circle of friends who were chatting beneath the portico by papa. of the theatre, and asked of one, "Who is Sir As the George Jasper? I learned he was a city mer-

I tried to banish her from my mind, endeavored to reason myself out of what I deemed an absurd fancy. I knew she was beyond my reach.

Several remark signmeantly upon the extreme interest, the active sympathy, Mr. Hayle expute the matter," say you in capitals. Now, if hibited. Ah, Ella! they do not know all, or matter of voting for temperance or, in other table had once been his, and it recalled the matter of voting for temperance or, in other table had once been his, and it recalled the large of the matter of voting for temperance or, in other table had once been his, and it recalled the

after all there was truth in the old proverb, ing but what you yourself saw."
"That absence conquers love." Judge, then, "Nothing, he repeated, doubting my feelings when, one evening, as I was descending the steps of my hotel, I met her father and herself ascending. For a moment I felt as if I would have fallen. I conquered my agitation, and stepped out of sight, within the I subsequently learned they had come to win-

ter at Cannes. For a while I was tempted to fly. I concluded to remain and leave Providence to deal with that which I had not strength to avoid. It must have seemed strange to you, G. Indeed, you must have noticed how resolutely I avoided her society. What motive you attributed it to, I know not. Now you are in-

crept slowly o'er me, that she will-perhaps | Papa gave me a look of contemptuous anger does love me. Not with that devotion I cherish for her-that is impossible. Yet I somehow hope, or dream, she loves me. The effort renders it more apparent to me.

"Then why not become a suitor for her hand?" asked Lord G., "doubtless she would marry you."

at least knew me better. Had I wealth equal to her own, the case would be different. Even were that so, none except the most liberalminded would give me credit for disinterestedness. Virtuous, beautiful, accomplished, as she is, few would think but that her gold was the chief attraction. And there is a sentiment in the heart of some men that dominates over love, and that is pride. Ah! unhappy is he in whose bosom a conflict rages betwixt the two. Alas! G., that man am I. But let us go in and talk

no more of my folly. I am half mad now."

I heard Mr. Hayle walk hurriedly away.
Lord G. followed with slower footsteps, saying, My poor unhappy friend."

For a few moments I silently stood holding the hand of Lucy Grant. Neither of us had spoken since the first few words Mr. Havle had uttered. We could not, then, make our presence known. Almost the first words exchanged between them compelled us to become listeners to the rest. I fancied that Mr. Hayle had a decided preference for me, but never dreamed I a rank you seem born to fill. For this end I was to him an object of such intense devotion as his words revealed. At first I was elated by the discovery I had

made. I learned that there existed what I had so longed to find-a man who loved me without | mantic girl? Shall the wealth I have so laborone selfish consideration. But in the midst of ed to accumulate go to enrich a man without my joy came the disheartening conviction, that the relations between us could never be altered to peerless beauty like your own.) nothing but whilst our circumstances remained unchanged. a heart. Perhaps I have done Mr. Hayle infelt he would not be the only sufferer; that my misery must likewise be entailed by the would be the conquerer.

o be led in the same direction. Almost the first person's gaze I encountered

on entering was Marvin Hayle. I had taken the precaution to go around by the side door, entering in an opposite direction to that in which I left. I was pale and agitated; he calm, impassable as a rock. No one looking at him would have dreamed of what had so recently occurred. His face gave no evidence of what was passing in his bosom. I sat down beside the mother of Lord G. She looked at me piercingly and remarked, "Your hand is very cold. You are pale, and tremble

too. Are you well?" "Oh yes, quite well," I answered hurriedly. Turning away, I endeavored to conceal my agitation by engaging in some trifling badinaige with one of my admirers, who had approached me as I returned to the room.

At this juncture up walked, to my infinite relief, the Chevalier, saying, as he extended his hand, "Two or three of de fleur de murrielle have endeavored to enveigle me to dance wid dem, but I have save myself for one grand galop. Listen, the band has commence to play.

Lady G. protested against my joining in what she called "That furious dance." I was only too ready to go. I feared her questionings if I remained at her side. Leaning on the Chevalier's arm, I soon joined the throng of dancers. As we whirled by the numerous mirrors I now and then caught a glimpse of Mar vin Hayle's eyes, bent upon me with a strange half-frightened look. A glance at myself in Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senate: the mirror, discovered the cause. I was ghastly pale. A giddy, sickening sensation passed over me, a gradual overshadowing—a misty appearance in all surrounding objects. I remember hearing Mr. Hayle exclaim, "Quick! quick! Chevalier, she is fainting," then all was dark. Beyond that, I have no recollection of anything that passed.

The next morning when I awoke I found my father, Lucy Grant, and Dr. Saddler at my bed-side. The latter said "I had had a series of fainting fits, but pronounced me much better—that I only needed quiet. The excitement attendant on the ball he averred had been too much for me. He was very severe upon those frightfully fast dances; pronounced them only gratifying it, will be easily controllable, and in fit for lunatics-sufficient to cause death to robust people, and entirely unsuited to one so delicately constituted as myself. He trusted I would never indulge myself with another.

I was murmuring something about its not being the dance, when a warning look from Lucy Grant stopped me. She bent over and land is thickly dotted with dramshops, each of whispered, "Better permit them to imagine it which is a manufactory of madmen, murderers, I followed close beside them, feasting my eyes on her rare beauty, which was half disclosed beneath the gorgeous cashmere that enveloped after you fainted."

> quiet, Dr. Saddler left the room, accompanied As the door closed upon them I turned and

looked at Lucy Grant. She knew what I meant. G., you know my ideas with reference to rich women. Judge, then, my regret when I learned she was one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom—something far above the aspirations of a begger like myself.

"I have often ridiculed men who have fallen in and you than the rest. Thrice I heard him and you than the rest. Thrice I heard him and you than the rest. Thrice I heard him my regret when I learned at the political labor, and of that we have with ministered them himself. When it was found the ministered them himself. When it was found ministered them himself. When it was found the ministered them himself. When it was found ministered them himself. When it was found the ministered them himself. When it was found ministered them himself. When it

my misery. For a while I thought I had con- a more than ordinary charm. What passed "Nothing, he repeated, doubtingly,

"No. father, I assure you, he has never spoken a word to me, that he might not have uttered with the world for listeners," After a moments pause he continued :

Ella, this seems to me, something like evasion : can you honestly assure me you do not love this man ?"

I dared not answer. I covered my face with my hands and turned away. My father started up exclaiming violently : "The mercenary beggar, has be dared thus stealthily to insinuate himself into the affections of my child. The subtle scoundrel, I thought him better than the been deceived. I find him worse than the rest. The- I could bear no more and cried: formed of the true one. Like the opium-eater Father, father, you do him the grossest iniuswho clings to the fatal drug that he knows will tice. A less mercenary, or more unselfish destroy him, yet from which he has not the spirit than his does not breathe. He has never power to abstain; so have I abandoned myself uttered to me one word of love;" Bursting into whatever in the cause of temperance. to a fatal passion as hopeless of fruition, as tears, I concluded in a despairing tone: "Ah dangerous to my peace. And this suffering me! greater misery than all is, to fear he never must be intensified by a conviction that has will."

as he asked: "Can it be possible that my child is so poor

for love that she weeps because a beggarly she sometimes makes to conceal her preference artist has not ventured to honor her with an offer?" He strode up and down the room for some time in violent agitation ere another word was exchanged between us. I had risen from my couch, and stood leaning on the win-What! rank myself amongst the mercenary dow sill, looking out upon the water. He paushorde that encircle her. Permit myself to be ed in his walk, approached, and laid his hand prayers, sermons, lectures, singing, and what looked upon as a despicable fortune-hunter! gently on my shoulder. He seemed to have G., you do me great injustice. I trusted you conquered his agitation somewhat. His voice gently on my shoulder. He seemed to have was quite calm, when he said: "Perhaps I have been rather hasty. Come,

> other. When I wedded your mother, I was already a man of wealth. Wealth accumulated by no ordinary energy, in the face of difficulties that would have appalled a less determined spirit. A year after, when you were placed in my arms. welcomed you, (not perhaps as I would one love pent up in my heart. A love your mother never strove to win. Since that day I have had no thought, performed no act, cherished no purpose, that had not for its aim and object your agrandisement and happiness." He con-

tinued bitterly. "I am not one of those who believe in the necessity of mutual devotion in man and wife for the production of domestic comfort. I have looked forward to the time when you would wed a man of title, and adorn have bargained, bought and sold; aye, toiled like a gally slave, night and day. Is the cherished object of nearly half a lifetime to be de nied me, by the love sick phantasies of a roto peerless beauty like your own.) nothing but justice. Doubtless, as you aver, he has been honorable enough not to declare the love I feel conflict he had preclaimed betwixt pride and he cherishes, and which I regret to see so arlove. I felt that in a bosom like his, pride dently reciprocated." Yet, he continued,

> ed, he left the room. That night he was hurriedly summoned to London on important business. Not a word was uttered by either of us with reference to what had passed. He kissed me with his usual tenderness, and bade me be careful of my health

during his absence. Determination and firmness were my father's distinguishing characteristics. Indeed, some thought his firmness bordered upon obstinacy. I never once knew him to say no, and change it to yes. I was appalled at the hopelessness of my position. I felt that between my father's ambitious desires, and Marvin Hayle's pride I was destined to become the victim of a hopeless attachment. In vain Lucy Grant endeavared to inspire hope. I could discern nothing in the dreary future but years of unhappiness. Mr. Hayle sent often to inquire concerning my health. He had obtained an inkling of what had passed through Lord G., from whom, 1 subsequently discovered, Lucy Grant could keep nothing secret. This couple became active conspirators against my father, to secure my happiness. Yet alas! in vain.

[To be continued.] TEMPERANCE. Gerrit Smith to Hon, Henry Wilson.

Ретеквово, Матch 29, 1870.

My DEAR SIR: I have read your paper on Temperance in the last New York Independent. Whatever I see from your pen I read eagerly, expecting to be enlightened by it. But this paper disappoints me.

No small part of my long life has been spent in beseeching men to vote slavery to death. But, as they would not bring it to this bloodless end, it had to go out in blood. Nearly as much of my life has been spent in beseeching men to vote drunkenness to death. To stop dramselling would be to provide for the speedy death of nearly all drunkenness. What, when dramselling shall be ended, may still remain of the appetite for alcohol and of the facilities for a process of rapid disappearance. Very unsuccessful, however, have been the far too limited efforts to induce the people to vote an end to dramselling. They persist in voting dramselling tickets, and in upholding that accursed license system under which the whole land is thickly dotted with dramshops, each of incendiaries and paupers; each of which helps make up the number of the fifty thousand who go annually into drunkards' graves; and each After strict injunctions about my being kept the ranks of drunkenness fifty thousand of our

What, in your paper before me, most surchart, of princely wealth, who had just been knighted. My long residence abroad had rendered me a comparative stranger to the fashionable world of London. I was, besides, so much engrossed by my art, that I cared but little for it. I contrived, however, to get an introduction at Lady Jasper's, and, though I never met her there, I learned who she was. G. you know my ideas with reference to rich in the long of the labor we have had a right to you. He even took the restoratives from the hands of your father and adatives from the work of yourself your spect to voting. For years you were earnestly in love at first sight madly and recklessly. I deemed it nonsense. I could not understand how, without a knowledge of a woman's disposition, mind and heart, a man could love her. I tried to be sight har from my mind and heart and sition, mind and heart, a man could love her. I tried to be sight har from my mind and so that it up as necessarily and as him murmur softly "Ella; dear Ella." Never loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? reproof, which the hot spirit of youth could not brook, and then a place was vacant, and love; such tender pity, as did his. I heard sition, mind and heart, a man could love her. I tried to be sight har from my mind and so that it up as necessarily and as loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? The could be sight to be sight made and so the rest. Thrice I heard him murmur softly "Ella; dear Ella." Never loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? The could be sight made as loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? The could be so that it up as necessarily and as loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? The could be specified to should be supported by the could be so that it up as necessarily and as loudly called for, as it was to terminate slavery? The could be supported by the could be supported

beauty, as ever a crime-laden wretch has done, his hand with a deprecating look, and con- lieve that the old Whig and Democratic parto crave deliverance from the pangs of remorse. tinued: "You never yet deceived me. Tell me, ties would abolish slavery. To hang upon "Yes, my darling, He says that of such is She haunted me. I grew pale and haggared. do you love this man? I fear you do. Women these parties which, as a general remark, have the kingdom of Heaven. Some thought it ill health. You, G., are the first to learn. I came here to be alone with murmered his, unless that name has for them dramshop, is, surely, a very poor way to help you the other day—'Suffer little children to temperance. Some of these voters would quit come unto me?" Slowly and thoughtfully the between you and Mr. Hayle the night of the their dramshop parties to join a party (if there child repeated the text; then the earnest eyes party quered that, which I could not but deem an between you and Mr. Hayle the night of the their dramshop parties to join a party (if there child repeated the text; then the earnest eyes infatuation. I had begun to flatter myself that ball?" 'Nothing father, I assure you, noth-were such a one) which goes against the dram again rested on her sister's face as she recited shop and also against certain things that they still another text she had learned the same day greatly dislike. But the party, which fights -" The Son of Man came to seek and to save the dramshop, will have its hands full, though that which was lost." "Lost, lost." A long it shall fight nothing else. It will need, too, silence followed the words, during which Esther all the help it can get- Catholic as well as Pro- seemed deeply thinking, then she suddenly extestant voters ; men of whatever views of the claimed, "Allie! Allie! Dod will seek Charlie Common School; Jews, Seventh day Baptists then, won't He, toz I heard papa say the other and No Sabbath men as well as Sunday men. day he was lost?" Crushing down the heart-It is true that a party for temperance and pro- ache within her, Alice answered, "You must testanism might, as it is claimed it would, ask Him, Essie." The child sprang from the "sweep the State." Such a party would how- arms which held her, and kneeling by her sisever, sweep it not with temperance-but with ter's knee, in her sweet childish way, she said, a protestant frenzy. It would bring no help, while clasping her little hands together, "Dear but, on the contrary, immense barm to temper | Jesus, please look for Charlie and send him

ance. No good whatever would come of such a home, toz I want to see him so bad.' generality of men. How lamentably have I party; whilst the sectarian animosity it would engender is an evil beyond computation. I have now referred to some of the different courses of different church members. I close under this head with saving that a large share of the church members manifest no interest

You refer to the obvious decline in temperance; and you add that this decline is not withcentury, both in and out of the church, to ad. that the house is not built. But no more room is there for wonder that the cause of temperance is not yet crowned with success. Nearly half a century ago we began, in our pledges, not, our preparations for that success. But, alas, we went no farther than to prepare to build. Instead of going forward to the ballotbox to put up our building, and to the statute Ella, let us sit down and fully understand each book to complete it, we rested in our worthless preparations-worthless because rested in Every day we were getting farther and farther from erecting our building, because we were, every day, losing interest in our more and more stale preparations, and more and more decayed materials. Nay, so far from erecting the temperance edifice, we have gone yearly to the that could have perpetuated my name, but as polls and to the Legislature to prevent the erec-something on which I could lavish the fount of tion. Worse than this, we have gone there to

> handful of earnest temperance men. This is a world of shams-and we expect Wilson countenance these shams.

I am glad you declare the temperance work to be "the next step," and the present time, when, as you say, "political reconstruction is moment" for taking this "next step." Many Republicans, whom I ask to take this "next step" now, and to take it effectively in the antidramshop party, excuse themselves on the ground that, for the sake of the colored man, he cherishes, and which I regret to see so ar- cruel. as to tear away their dear anti-slavery pleading tones of Alice broke the stillness; hearts from their dear anti-slavery party. On rising and pointing to the Estrelles. "Sooner the face of your announcement that temper dying." Then little impulsive Essie, who had 'I waited until Lord G. had re-entered the could those hills be moved from their base, ance is "the next step," you are at disagree- seemed to be trying to comprehend the scene drawing-room, then passively suffered myself than I be shaken in my determination. My ment with these Republicans. But perhaps, before her, now in a half grieved tone asked child shall never become the wife of a nameless they will flatter themselves your announcement was made with the understood proviso home? man, a comparative beggar." As he concludthat temperance is not "the next step," if it Mr. Grey started; it was a new thought to disturbed by it.

With great regard your friend.

GERRIT SMITH. THE HOME CIRCLE.

Written for the New ERA. To Glory Eyes.

BY FIDELLE.

The dull March wind, with sullen moan without, Dashes against the sash the drifting rain : And the bare branches wildly toss about, And bending quiver, like a thing in pain.

I, lying lonely in the midnight gloom, On my sad couch distracted vigils keep , Or pace with heavy tread the silent room-Anguish'd for my lost love, despairing weep.

For they have parted Glory Eyes from me,-To love her once is, thence, to love forever: The hopes once cherish'd now may blighted be, For fate seems striving every tie to sever.

Those loving arms, so oft about thee flung. O! Glory Eyes, encircle thee no more, Those loving lips, that oft to mine have clung, Cling now no longer, as they did of yore.

So, to the wind's moan in this gleomy hour, A wail within seems sadly to reply; Whilst I, beyond the clouds that o'er us lour, Scarce e'en a ray of promise can deserv.

Ah yes! without, trembling beneath the blast. Last summer's rose-trees, bend and quiver. And as they blossom'd, love, in summers past, Again may bloom-aye, brighter-hued than

Patience! my love! For from this wintry strife, Bleak with March snows-bedewed with April's Jey, like spring flowers, will blossom into life For us, O! Glory Eyes, in coming years.

CHARLIE'S RETURN.

"Don't touch! Essie darling, don't touch! Very gently the elder sister spoke, though she saw the fingers of the little one were toying with a volume of costly engravings. "Don't touch!" The admonition was unheeded until startled by an exclamation from the child. of which has a share in bringing annually into Alice again raised her eyes from her sewing, and saw that some of the leaves were already loosened in their places. Laying her work hastily aside, she took the little wayward fingprises and pains me is its perfect silence in re- ers in her own, saying, as she did so "Come, darling, sister will show Essie the pictures."

To want and expect to have her seemed to me almost as ridiculous as a child crying for the local not reply. I hid my face in Lucy's whole heart would have fallen in with your interest and prevers when slight tremulousness in her voice when she can be a stight to the stight tremulousness in the stight tremulousness in the stight tremulousness in the stight tremulousness in the sti I could not reply. I hid my face in Lucy's osom and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Words, or voting against the dramshop, my whole heart would have fallen in with your injunction. I like sermons and prayers, when slight tremulousness in her voice when she of their bad luck when they ought to blame ture, as to the abandonment or neglect, by those be ous. If a man wishes to acquaint himself moon. I firmly resolved I mode as a fediculous as a condition of the moon. I firmly resolved I mode and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Yet, with that false reasoning with which one contrives to delude himself, I argued myone contriv one morning during my convalescence I had been sleeping gently upon the same eyes that a painfrom a distance with the same e window, where I had been looking out upon the discrete that this seach. The second on give secon

"Does he love me too, sister Alice?"

It was a simple prayer, but she had the firm

faith of a child in the truth of the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," and she was satisfied to wait for the answer. Ah! "except ve become as a little child ye cannot enter into us spray. the kingdom of Heaven.' "Now Allie," she said, as she crept once

more within her sister's loving embrace, "tell me stories about Charlie," and Alice, patient, standing all that has been done in the last half loving Alice, hushed as it were the beatings of her own heart, and told incident after incident vance temperance. But none should wonder of the childhood of their brother, until the evethat this precious cause makes no progress, nor lids of the listener closed wearily over the blue even that it falls back. A man undertakes to eyes, and the little one was fast asleep. Alice build a house. He collects the materials for it stepped to the couch and laid her upon it, then -but he leaves them to rot. No wonder, then, taking a seat beside her she watched the smiles that played over the face of the sleeper, thinking the while of the time when she had watched over Charlie's slumber in the same way. Essie's sleep was but of short duration, for

ong before Alice thought of quitting her place as watcher she suddenly awoke and exclaimed. · Dod's found him! Allie; Dod's found him I saw him away off ever-so-far, but an angel had hold of his hand, and was bringing him right straight home."

Even while she spoke a slight noise was heard in the hall, the door opened, and a tall bearded youth stood at the threshold. Alice looked up but she saw only a stranger. Not so with Essie, however; giving but a hasty glance she broke away from the detaining hands of Alice, saying "it's Charlie! it's Charlie! I knew Pod 'ould find him."

"Yes, darling sister, it is Charlie-it is renew the supports of the rum edifice, and to Charlie," said the young man, and he kissed protect it from demolition at the hands of the the little upturned face again and again; then seating her upon his knee, he drew Alice to his side and asked her of the past. Tears nothing better than that a large share of our coursed their way down his brown cheeks, as leading men will continue to be interested in he heard of his mother's prayers for the wayupholding them. But we cannot afford to have | ward boy, and he silently asked the Heavenly a man of the power and influence of Henry Father to give him strength to do his duty to-

ward the loved ones that were left him. Through hours that seemed like minutes. they sat there so engrossed in reminiscences o other days, that they scarcely heeded the flight substantially complete," to be " the opportune of time, or the passage of outward events, until Many Mr. Grey's voice was heard in the hall. Charlie arose and went to meet his father, saying, " Father, forgive-me. The old man started at the sound of his voice, and a visible tremor crept over him; then, as he thought of the one they must remain longer in the Republican who had passed away, a shadow crossed his party. They wish me to understand it is be- face and his stern lips settled into a rigid calm cause I am incapable of sympathising with as he replied, "Boy, there is much to forgive." their deep interest in him, that I can be so No answer came from Charlie, but instead the "Father, mother prayed for him when she was "Oh, papa, aint you glad toz Dod sent Charlie

can be taken only at the expense of stepping him; God had sent Charlie home, should he out of the Republican Party. Indeed, they refuse to receive him? Passing his hand may even go so far as to suspect that your mak- thoughtfully across his brow, he turned again ing temperance the concern of the church in stead of the voters, is only an adroit expedient wrong, let us walk hereafter together," and he for saving the Republican Party from being fell on his neck and kissed him - Christian Union.

RELICS OF WATERLOO,-The Prince and Princess of Wales, during their recent stay in Paris, witnessed a muster of the old soldiers of the Grande Armee, at the foot of the Napoleon column, preparatory to attending mass in the chapel of the Invalides. Their number appears this year to have diminished to about thirty, of whom two thirds were invalids in full uniform, one of whom carried the standard given to them by the present Emperor. Among the remainder were several artillerymen, one of Marceau's hussars, (still wearing the orthodox pigtail.) one naval officer, one of the famous Old Guard. together with a drummer of the Guard, who had long white moustaches, and all, with the little behind hand." exception of the Old Guard, were exceedingly little men, showing that the military standard of height had fallen extremely low under the

AN AIMLESS LIFE.-I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, "I have all that I see others contending for-why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuitliterary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome-I might have been happy I feel this now-too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for human nature can arrive at. Cowards have something to remember with pride, or even to done good and kind actions—cowards have When the married life is young and untried, dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man .- Robert Dale Owen.

THE VALUE OF WIDE-AWAKE EYES. -- I DEVET saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there was no tell ing but that sometime I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie once; my horse began to limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she could allow me to start a fire and make the shoe. She said I might if I knew how; so I started a fire, and heated the shoe red hot, and turned it to fit my horse's foot, and shod the horse. At the next place I came to I went straight to a smith and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot, and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. - Rev. H. W. Beecher.

AN HONEST LIVING .- A young Boston man, who proposed starting in business in New York ity, made a preliminary visit there armed with etters of introduction to business men. These resented and the usual compliments passed. the New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, but I expect to settle into some good business n which I can get a living honestly.' "A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian. "Young man," said the New Yorker, "I ongratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing busi- increase of dishonesty there is in commerce to- therein are more near and affecting to us than

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

As sung by a nice young man at an evening Lady, ope thy we-he-hindow,

While the moon is be-he-heaming, Deign my lay to he-he-hear. Softly steal the bre-he-heezes O'er the scented le-he-heaves,

And incli-hi-hine thine ear,

Birds among the tree-he-heezes Slumber si-hi-hilently. Lady, from thy la-la-lattice.

Pray look down on me-he-he; Mollify your fa-ha-hather. And ask me in to te-he hea.

A nap-sack. A pillow case. Dry groceries-cod fish and red herring.

A useful and practical line-the clothes line. A LITTLE tumbler will often throw down a

nhabitant, either an angel or a devil. Mis-Construction-" Getting up" a young lady in the hight of the fashion. Young folks grow most when in love. It

ncreases their sighs wonderfully. Ir matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul it matters not

Gop makes no promise to those who hold back. But He gives strength to the obedient, and light to those who determine to trust Him. An exchange praises an egg, "laid on our table by the Rev., Dr. Smith," which shows that Brother Smith is a layman as well as a

It is little troubles that wear the heart out : it is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather-even with artillery.

Babies are the coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony. The interest is due at random. The way to make a hole in your pocket is to the same time in a stove oven. incur a large rent.

What is the difference between a girl and a night-cap? One is born to wed, the other is perfectly fresh and good for six or eight months Earn your money before you spend it; and

then you will know what it is worth, and spend it more wisely. What is that which is made with a train, travels with a train, is of no use to a train, but

a train cannot travel without it? The noise. is they spring from and centre in love to Him. hours in a oven not too hot. Vice does not pay; the sin is less sweet than

Mr. Greeley says that the solution of the question whether woman is equal to a man de-

to fall into a river, which would be wettest? Why, the wetter 'un, to be sure.

Supposing an old man and a young man were

they precede the punishments of winter. Beauty, as a flowery blossom, soon fades: but the divine excellences of the mind, like the medicinal virtue of a plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered.

No affection, save friendship, has any sure eternity in it. Friendship ought, therefore, always to be cultivated in love itself, as its only certain guard and preservative.

who are inclined to "stretch a story." A minister took for his text-" The flesh, the world and the devil," and informed his astonished audience that he should "dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the devil.'

DILATORY people are always behind time and some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed," said he, "that's rather beat the assembly on the occasion. Almost all the other, "two-hand like other people—and a uncommon." "O, no, common enough," said

Hope.--Hope is the dawn of joy, memory its twilight; but this prefers to shed the colorless dew or rain; and the day which the dawn promises, breaks in, but on another earth, and under another sun.

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber shop, and on the same day, to be shaved; one going in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, dat man has de fastest beard or both; may have a breakfast, luncheon, din-I never saw; I shaves him dis morning, shaves | ner, supper, or a simple "handing around" of him at dinner-times, and he comes back now cake, lemonade, wine, or ices, just as they mit his beard so long as never vash."

The brave only know how to forgive; it is or relatives and intimate friends; or they may the most refined and generous pitch of virtue make an affair of it, and invite all creation and away a life I feel, sometimes, as if there were ard never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happi-

> much the sum of human happiness in this saying, "God bless you!" in shining tin. world is indebted to this one feeling-sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with joicing in it, we say we cannot offer tin now; our fellow-men, and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and enjoyment. We catch in- is a writing in their hair that tells us what to spiration and power to go on, from human pre- give, and we give it heartily, in tender comsence and from cheerful looks. The woman works with added energy, having others by, The full family circle has a strength and a life peculiarly its own. The substantial good and another is trifling. It is not by these, but by something far less costly that the work is done. God has insured it by a much more simple machinery. He has given to the weakest and the poorest power to contribute largely to the com- dwelt with one another in peace, these two, for mon stock of gladness. The child's smile and nearly half a century. What if life's hill has laugh are mighty powers in this world. When sometimes been hard to climb? They'll "sleep bereavement has left you desolate, what sub- thegither at the foot," and beautiful memories stantial benefit is there which makes condolence acceptable? It can bestow upon you nothing permanent. But a warm band has ing. Children, grandchildren, and great grand-touched yours, and a thrill told you that there children know of these fifty wedded years, and was a living response there to your emotion. insist upon a Golden Wedding. So let it be. One look, one human sigh, has done more for It is sunset; but the horizon is brighter than you than the costliest present could convey .- at noon-time. Thoughts for Weary Hours.

AGRICULTURAL.



THE FARM AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

PROFITS OF FARMING .- John P. Gager, Jr of Scotland, St., writes to the Norwich Adver. tiser in illustration of what industry and economy will do on a farm. He says: "I commenced farming twenty-seven years ago, with a capital of \$250, which I carned by working by the month for \$11 per month. I hired a farm, and hired a house-keeper for a year and a half. I then married one of the best housekeepers in New London county. From that time to the present we have attended strictly to "What are the wild waves saying ?" Let farming, and we are now owners of two large farms, a saw mill, shingle mill and grist mill, with a run of custom from ten to twelve then. sand bushels a year. We have a number of thousand dollars in bank stock, and about one No human heart is ever vacant. It has an thousand dollars' worth of produce on hand. This has accumulated by attending strictly to farming, without any outside speculation. I say this to encourage young men to turn their attention-more particularly to farming."

Domestic Recipes.

Make Your own Candles : Take two pounds of alum for every ten pounds of tallow; dissolve in warm water before the tallow is put in ; then melt the tallow in the alum water with frequent stirring. This will clarify and harden the tallow so as to make a most beautiful article, either for summer or winter use, almost as good as sperm.

Cookies: One teacup of butter, two of sngar, one of milk, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda ; just enough flour to roll out thin. Bake a light brown

Rye and Indian Bread: Take two quarts of rye and one quart of Indian meal, one half cupful of yeast, one-half cupful of molasses, mix th warm water, rise three hours, and bake How to Pack Eggs: I have packed eggs for

several years, and find that they can be kept in coarse salt, little ends down, packed a layer . of salt and eggs alternately. Having tried many ways, we find this the best of any. Baked Indian Pudding: Scald a quart of milk, and while boiling, thicken it with a pint

of corn meal, remove from the fire, thin with cold milk to the consistency of batter, add two well beaten eggs, a cup of raisins, a little salt. Works are good and acceptable to God only sugar, and cinnamon or numeg. Bake two A Good Apple Tart: Always stew the apwe fancied, and it costs more than we bargained ples before putting them in pastry. For this tart, make a pie without a bottom crust and

bake. Take off the crust, and lay it wrong side up on a plate; put the contents of the pie pends upon who the woman is, and who the on top; put on a little sugar, pour in a little cream, and grate nutmeg over. Custard Pie: Take the volks of three eggs. two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one of flour : beat hard; then flavor and add two teacups of

milk and bake. To the whites of three eggs, The pains of a noble soul are like the May frosts of a life—a spring follows them. The pains of the wicked are the frosts of autumn— spread evenly over it, and set in the oven for a spread evenly over it, and set in the oven for a few minutes. Dried Apple Sauce : Place the apples in a stew-pan, cover with water and set on the stove. Add water as may be necessary, but do not stir

them when they are soft; sprinkle on sugar pretty freely, adding a little currant juice, which has been kept sealed for this purpose, and stew two or three hours longer. At least six hours will be required to cook them as they Ink made from india-rubber is the latest invention. It will be used mainly by writers invention and preservative.

The Sea.

There are certain things-as a spider, a ghost, The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three-That I hate; but the thing that I hate the most Is a thing they call the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs, A decided hint of salt in your tea, And a fishy taste in the very eggs,

By all means choose the sea. And if, with these dainties to drink and eat. You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree, And a chronic state of wet in your feet, Then I recommend the sea.

ALL THE WEDDINGS .- Hearth and Home says: When the third anniversary of the marriage day is celebrated, it is called the Straw wedding; the fifth, is Wooden; the tenth, Tin; the fifteenth, Crystal; the twentyfifth, Silver; the fiftieth, Golden. Each of these is observed according to the taste, inclination, and social condition of the wedded pair. They may keep it in the day time or evening, please. They may partake in blissful duo, or they may summon only relatives on both sides.

fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a cow- easily bent for better or worse, interlaced with recent associations quite apart from united interests, it is well and fitting to offer some pretand greatness of soul, conscious of resenting ty token of straw. Later, as family needs multiply, and the youthful couple put off yielding simplicity, and put on matter of fact, when they prove they can take better care of them-THE WARM HAND OF SYMPATHY .- Till we selves, and the rattle and clatter of busy i fe have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how rise about them, there is a special aptness in

> Still further on comes the test of mutual wealth in one another. Feeling this, and reour married pair have passed their mark. There pliment to those twenty-five happy years. After this the months roll on slowly, slowly, with their freight of joy and sorrow, of toil

and feast, until some day when two familiar the effectual relief which men extend to one old faces look into each other with a start, and exclaim in a feeble but hearty voice, "We've been married nearly fifty years!" How staidly they speak! But there is a measureless content in their tone. They have

> shall cluster around them. But now there must be no thought of sleep-

The household is the home of the man, as "NEITHER BID HIM GOD SPEED"-Whatever | well as of the child. The events that occur day, and whatever increase there is in politics, those which are sought in senates and acade-

the archin.